

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS

Salvation Army. Army of God



ONWARD TO CONQUER
THE WORLD
WITH FIRE AND BLOOD

BLOOD

BLOOD

BLOOD AND FIRE

BLOOD AND FIRE

March 22, 1929
PAGE 8
THE MISSIONER
see page 8)
Commissioner.

COME HOME
from page 9)
visiting the sick
and-out, rescuing
befriending the
aging men and wo-
men of darkness of
the hills of light."
Secretary's expres-
sion, the Commissioner
in which he has
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on Saturday, March
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—A. P. Simister.

Music Package
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We may never know
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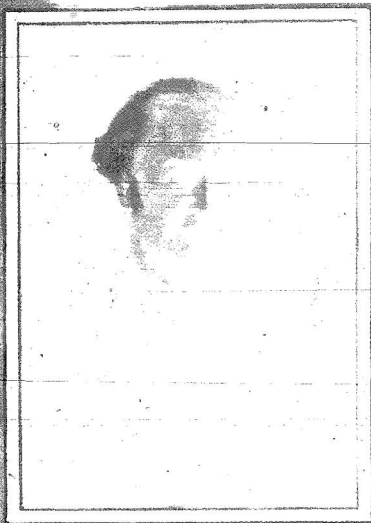
The Army Founder



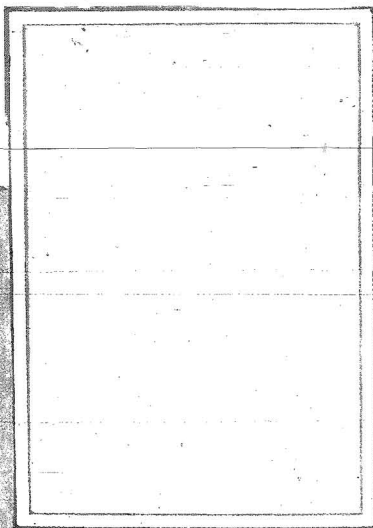
The Army Mother



THE SALVATION ARMY



General Bramwell Booth



Mrs. Bramwell Booth

Under Their Inspired Leadership The Salvation Army has become a Vital International Force for Righteousness

1829

This Year The Salvation Army Throughout the World is Celebrating
The Centenary of the Birth of The Founders of the Movement—
William and Catherine Booth

1929

When my father had discovered that men rescued from sin, and women rescued from sin, could be made the most successful rescuers of the sinful, the recruitment of the army went ahead swiftly. One time my brother Herbert led an expedition on a march across England that lasted for weeks. There were several thousand of them, each with a rolled blanket slung from his shoulders. As they moved through towns with a cadence held by the marching song of Christianity that came from their throats they were stoned by jeering hosts; but they picked up recruits everywhere. Tanners left their fluid vats; stout carters threw away their whips; millers white as clowns in their smocks, kitchen maids and a ragtag of others fell with the procession.

Many persons were stirred deeply by that ceaseless crusade. Some of them became great in the British Empire. The late Lord Northcliffe revealed one to my brother Bramwell that in his youth he had been a Soldier in The Salvation Army. He ceased to belong but he remained our friend.

Seen as a Political Threat

All this was long ago, and now I can find understanding, if not excuse, for some of the attacks that were made on my father from snug pulpits, from editorial sanctums and from police-court benches. Men were asking themselves what strongholds might withstand such an army if its growth were not checked. In the light of present-day happenings overseas it can be understood that the red jersey of the Salvationists was seen as a political threat by some of the governing authorities. I dare to wonder what might have been the outcome of his work if my father had been a revolutionist. His radicalism, however, never took that form.

The terrific energy of the man even now astonishes me. How his frail body, straight and tall though it was, could devise a chemistry for the transformation of his simple diet into tremendous powers is something that passes understanding. Boiled rice, milk, a few vegetables were about all he would ever eat. Meat he did not take because he had discovered that it did not agree with him. Nevertheless on the scantiest of rations he was always a dynamo.

We speak admirably to-day of mass production and super-management. Suppose William Booth had become an industrialist? Out of nothing but his own will he created an organization that has never stopped expanding, and his purpose now is the elimination of the waste of mankind. Once on a visit to the United States he saw great mounds of grain rotting in the fields of the Middle West. He was told that it was a glut on the market.

"Bread wasting in the fields here," he said, "and families starving out there. I must bring the two together."

Out of such a pattern of thoughts was born his scheme that was set forth in a book he wrote called "In Darkest England and the Way Out." By that time he had succeeded in winning to his side many powerful friends. One of these was the great British journalist, W. T. Stead, Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette." It was Stead who whipped into shape for publication the pages my distracted father wrote. He was disturbed because during nearly two years my mother was dying agonizingly of cancer. But neither of them would permit even that situation to interfere with the work. So, while he kept his vigil at her bedside, he used his pen to aid the more than three millions in England who were constantly in a state of destitution and despair.

Popularity Favored Work

The rowdies harried him and they harried his followers, but he kept on. He had asked for the equivalent of \$500,000. This was late in October, 1890. Within a few months he had received \$540,000, and this was in spite of harsh criticism which suggested that he was not to be trusted. That generous giving of money is but one of the means of measuring the popularity that suddenly began to favor his work. People were realizing the utter unselfishness of him and the grandeur of his purpose.

One time when the General was going down to Bristol a very charming lady stepped into the compartment. Her name was Margot Tennant, and this was at a time when social gossip was linking the name of that virile personage with rival gentlemen named Balfour and Asquith. The moment she saw the General she smiled and entered into conversation with him, and he, quick as a flash, said, "God bless you, Margot. May you make a wise choice."

She was full of questions. How did we reach the people who had never had contact with the churches? How great was the need of such an organization? As the General unfolded his story year began to course down her cheeks.

The young society woman had to change trains at Swinton and arose to arrange her luggage. The General, rising also, placed his hand on her

arm and gently said: "Before you go can we not have a little prayer?"

The two then knelt in the railway compartment and prayed. As they got to their feet and Margot prepared to leave she suddenly exclaimed:

"General, I see now the secret of your power. I know why you have myriads of followers. You believe in what you preach."

There was considerable insight in that remark.

An Audience With King Edward

When honors began to come to General Booth they came in a swift sequence, but not so swiftly as to turn his head. His preparations for a call at Buckingham Palace in response to a command to present himself before King Edward amounted to nothing more than lavishing his hands in a workman's pail. Of course he was touched by that honor as he was when notables of London gathered in Guildhall in 1904 to applaud him as he received the freedom of the city. By that time I think he had ceased to have any critics. He seemed, at least, to have only admirers. Oxford, in 1907, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. Among the others honored on that occasion was Mark Twain.

You might have got a peep at the wellspring of my father's showmanship on that occasion. The academic dress of the doctorate is a scarlet gown and a black velvet cap such as is painted on the portraits of Henry VIII. The General was in a great hurry to get back to London, but when his secretary suggested calling a cab to convey him to the station the General would have none of it.

"No," he said, "I'm going to walk." And walk he did, to the joy of the Oxford citizens and



King Edward VII received at Buckingham Palace the Founder, who, having inspected the Congress Buildings in the Strand, London, prior to the reception, washed his hands in a bucket ere going to appear before His Majesty

undergraduates. In his scarlet gown that he might never wear again he made too grand a sight to be hidden in the darkness of a cab. But if he was proud of himself that day you can be sure he repented before he arrived home. They could not spoil him.

I have mentioned his temper. It burst out of bounds as he was waiting to go ashore in Bombay on one occasion. A luckless secretary handed him a program that had been arranged. All sorts of functions had been planned at which he was to meet the governors and other bigwigs of the British Raj, but there was not a single meeting on the list for the poor, for the natives whose plight was even worse than that of the people of London's slums.

"Have I come out here," he exclaimed stridently, "to feast at the king's tables? Look, you might as well go home." That night he addressed the natives.

Gained Powerful Allies

Wherever he went after the tide had turned in his favor people of consequence were eager to meet him and help him fight his war. If he went to South Africa, Cecil Rhodes opened his doors to him; when he came to America, Mark Hanna assembled a host of powerful people at a banquet where the General ate bread and milk. His influence had spread enormously. He had made poverty the lively concern of the people who were best fitted to abolish it. His army had

gained powerful allies, and his constant preaching against liquor as an intolerable burden on women and children was bearing fruit. But he forced himself to greater and greater efforts as he grew older.

I think he brought ruin to his eyes because he insisted on writing while traveling across the continent. He would have a broad strap swung across his compartment in a train and standing before that ingenious desk he would sway with the train and write out his commands to his soldiers everywhere. At last the flaws in his vision were too great a handicap to be ignored. There were examinations by oculists. Their discovery was appalling. Cataracts had formed on his eyes.

An Impressive Picture

The last time I was with him he had an address to deliver in Albert Hall, in London. Six feet one, he stood, and he was eighty-three. These gray eyes were unseeing, but they ranged from pit to gallery as if his will would force them to report to his brain. Clapsed behind his straight back were his hands, lovely things, molded so beautifully that sculptors hungered to copy them. The lights of the Hall found a sheen in his white hair and beard, and I tried to watch that and forget his poor eyes.

"I am going into drydock for repairs," he told them.

We came home from Albert Hall and had some tea. He never took sugar. In fact, he had lived so abstemiously that his body was less frail than it had been in his youth. He had perfect control of his appetites.

"Let me wait until after the operation," I begged.

"No, Eva, I am going to see better than in a score of years. You go back to your work in America."

He was in his dressing gown, on his knees, praying at his bedside when I dropped down beside him and he snuggled me against him.

Something went wrong in the operation. An infection developed, and so he came to the end of his days in utter darkness. He wrote me a letter of farewell, forming his letters from memory. I've got that little bit of scribble now.

"I've done my best for God with eyes," he wrote. "Now I'll do it without eyes."

They tried to get him to take more nourishment. There was a strike in East London at the time.

"Poor women can't get milk to feed their babies," he railed, "and you bring me eggs!" Soon after that he died. That was in 1912.

There were eight of us who called him father as well as General. All of us who live are carrying on in the work for which he trained us. Some drifted from The Salvation Army, but none failed in their devotion to the cause.

IN THE BEGINNING

Continued from Page 3

they should go or how long they should stay. All must be left to the discretion of the General Superintendent."

The Salvation Fair followed in the Spring of this year, marking another step in the direction of the novel system towards which the Movement was unconsciously hastening. The quiet little town of Whitchy, England, awoke one morning to find a startling light flaring on every possible wall and hoarding. A fascicle of this will be seen in the border on page three.

So it was that the first printed "War Note" and the first Captain (though self appointed) hailed from Whitchy. Like Cadman's note the trend of the whole Movement was towards war.

It was Christmas-time, 1877. As usual the Founder, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and Mr. Raitton were closely engaged on the work which was always first in their thoughts. The former was pacing up and down the room, while the two latter were seated at a table writing and suggesting.

"What is the Christian Mission?" was a question propounded by the circular they were engaged in writing. "A volunteer agency," was suggested. "No, we are more than that, we are a movement," said Bramwell. "Yes," said Raitton, dashing his pen through the offending words, replacing it with "Army." "That's better," the General decided. Still the trio were not content. It sounded amateur. The Founder suddenly halted behind Mr. Raitton's chair, took the pen from his hand, crossed out "Volunteer," and substituted "Salvation," making the sentence to read "A SALVATION ARMY," raised from among themselves. The inspiration of that name can never be doubted. It has rallied to its Banner an Army indeed which has marched its way around the world, leaving gladness and Salvation in its trail. And it is still marching on.



WHEN the Rev. William Booth, Methodist Minister, with a delicate wife and four little children at home, stepped into the "Christian" office in reply to an advertisement, he knew little of the mighty results awaiting him. Apparently it was only a question of "a fortnight's supply" in the old tent on the Quaker's burial-ground at Whitechapel, the Minister engaged having been prevented from coming. In reality it was the beginning of the great Salvation Army.

We give a facsimile of the hand-bill announcing this event which was so marvellous in its results that it was extended indefinitely and crowds of godless, heedless people packed the tent till one stormy night it was blown to ribbons. Night after night William Booth would leave the choking atmosphere of this tent and fortify himself at a tiny eating-house with a glass of soda-water and a bun before starting home to Hammersmith, which he seldom reached until the small hours of the morning.

The Founder, during this campaign, had surrounded himself by a red-hot desperate crowd of people, many of them with such records of sin and poverty, that, even had they so desired, no respectable congregation would have taken them in.

"Born in the fire they would never thrive in the smoke," he said, and he determined that in the fire they should remain and be with them! So a Mission Hall in Three Colt Lane was hired for the "East London Revival Society," and into it the "rangers" managed to squeeze about one hundred people. The windows, which opened at the top, not only admitted a little fresh air but also brickbats, mud, dead cats, rotten eggs, soot, and flour and any other missile which the crowd outside cared to contribute. But it was "filled with Glory as we sang of the Blood and the Bleeding Lamb," says one who attended.

Meanwhile the Founder had moved to the East End to be nearer his people and changing the name of his society to "East End Christian Mission" he opened his fire at the Pigeon Shop in Bethnal Green, and the Skittle Alley at Whitechapel. The Skittle Alley congregation gradually migrated up from the wing of the White Raven Public House which was next door, till they reached two hundred and seventy-two, Whitechapel Road, which eventually became No. 1 Corps of The Salvation Army. The minute-book of the Whitechapel and Shoreditch circuit, dated 1868, gives details emanating from the "elders," showing clearly traces of the mind that in later years formulated the "Darkest England Scheme."

"That a Drunkards' Rescue Society be formed at once, also a Sick and Visiting Society, and a Tract Distributing Society," carried unanimously. These embryo Social, Slum and "War Cry" Brigades doubtless did magnificent work and laid the foundation for the Founder's War Sections of '97.

The minute book also records:

"That Sister Dowdle provide tea and cake; and that Brothers Gable and Edwards see to the copper and tables."

"The tea was poor and weak, the cakes were common," says one who frequented these tea meetings, "but the glory . . . Some one would start a song, and before

we knew it, we were on our knees; and the power of God upon us—we didn't want any more tea."

The work developed rapidly and the Second Anniversary was celebrated by the General Superintendent taking his entire staff and most of his members for a day's recreation and blessing to Tunbridge Wells, where a Mr. Henry Reed placed his beautiful grounds at their disposal. This was the first "Congress."

The year 1872 saw the issue of a pamphlet, "How to reach the Masses," which accomplished a great thing for the Mission in bringing to the Founder's side George Scott Raiton.

Young, enthusiastic, consumed with love for God and souls, he at once became part and parcel of the concern, and his one thought, waking and sleeping, was God and the Mission.

At the Annual Conference of 1874 the question of men and women being equal in God's work was decided. The Founder believed that women, were, in capacity, judgment and experience just as valuable as men, but it was not easy to make all his associates agree with him. A little scene demonstrating this fact might be recalled. The present General, then hardly more than a boy, had gathered a bunch of youthful evangelists around him at the house of one of the elder brethren for prayer and council. "We will pray," said Bramwell Booth. "You pray, Brother," naming the senior member. In concluding his prayer he said, "O God bless our families." This was strange, as he was the only one married, but the others loyally answered "Amen." "May our sons grow up to become ministers of the Gospel," he continued. "Amen," they all chimed in once more. "And make our daughters mothers in Israel, Lord." But Bramwell Booth broke in, "No, Lord, make them ministers of the Gospel, too." That prayer has been wonderfully answered, and there has been no change in the attitude of The Army towards its women warriors, who, in securing equality of opportunity, have succeeded in equality of achievement in the "felds of Army warfare."

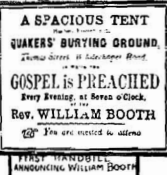
After this conference the Mission made wonderful advances. Small Halls were opened and young men and women who had been saved in the various stations took charge of them with startling and glorious success. Each step forward entailed endless argument and met with opposition from those whose objections were based on selfish personal grounds. The system of each Mission Station having its Committee of management resulted in the waste of much valuable time and in useless discussion, and those who were the most spiritual were often out-argued by those possessing the greatest powers of talking.

With his customary frankness the Founder called his thirty-six Evangelists together in January, 1877, and they met in the historic Long Room, Whitechapel. He decided that the whole constitution of the Mission was to be changed. "Tedious and unprofitable Committees were to be abolished, making it no longer possible for an Evangelist to stay two years in a place, receive as a thank offering from a grateful people a purse of money for himself, leaving the Mission to fall into many outstanding debts. Each Station must be self-supporting. No Evangelist to have any voice in where

(Continued on page 5)



TWO CHRISTIAN MISSION EVANGELISTS



A SPACIOUS TENT
QUAKERS' BURYING GROUND.
GOSPEL IS PREACHED
Every Evening, at Seven o'clock.
Rev. WILLIAM BOOTH
The Rev. are invited to attend



MISSION STREET



EASTERN STAR BEER SHOP
FOR CIDER BEER AND ALES



FIRST REGULATION UNIFORM FOR FIELD OFFICERS



WAR! WAR!!
WAR!!!
1000 Men and Women
Wanted at Once to Join
THE Hallelujah Army.
CAPTAIN CADMAN,
OF LONDON



FIRST RESCUE HOME
IN HANBURY STREET
WHITECHAPEL LONDON (E.C.1)



1872

My Father

By
Commander Evangeline Booth

MY FATHER was a pawnbroker's assistant in London when he determined to heed a fierce tugging at his conscience and devote all his energy to preaching the Gospel. You do not see the three gilt balls of a pawnbroker in prosperous neighborhoods. This one was in Walworth.

We may only guess at the needs that compelled ship captains to surrender across that dark, uncompromising counter their sextants and chronometers; masons, their trowels and levels; carpenters, their hammers and saws; musicians, their violins and flutes; but we know what prompted the mothers who came to pawn their wedding rings. They wanted bread and milk for their children. Worry over the hopeless fates of those poor people after they had pawned their last possessions colored the entire existence of that pawnbroker's assistant whom the world now remembers as General Booth.

The day he bundled together his few possessions in the attic room above the pawnshop where he had slept for three troubled years was April 10th, 1852. It was his twenty-third birthday, and when he descended the worn treads of the dark flights of stairs in that old house and crossed its threshold for the last time he ceased to be a man of business and became a minister. In 1929 the hundreds of thousands in The Salvation Army will celebrate the Centenary of the Founder's birth, but that day he left the pawnshop in Walworth is an occasion equally memorable.

A Boy Preacher in London

The proprietor of that pawnshop was a tyrannical employer. He made a great profession of religion, but despite the fact that he knew young William Booth to be devoting his evenings to lay preaching in the slums of the East End he sternly enforced during all the time of their association as master and servant a mean-spirited rule. This was that unless the assistant was home by ten o'clock at night the door would be locked against him. Sometimes the young man with the hooked nose and long face fringed by a black beard tortured his skinny, almost tubercular, body into a mad race on his way home from religious work. If that door had been locked he would have been compelled to spend the night in the streets of London.

His veins were the confluence of the blood streams of the Israelites and the Anglo-Saxons, and one needed but a glance at his face to see which one of those rivers of ancestry was a torrent and which one a feeble current. His face was the face of Aaron, wreathed in after life by a prophet's beard.

He was born in Nottingham, son of a father

who wore knee breeches and taught him in his early years to regard himself as a gentleman. Then came poverty and the death of my money-grubbing grandfather. My father even then had been apprenticed to a pawnbroker, and his mother had begun to support herself precariously with a smallware shop which had hardly enough patronage to pay for her food. The church he attended through those spiritually parched years was a Methodist temple.

Wesley Chapel in Nottingham was a cold barrack of a place, with a stuccoed facade beneath a triangular pediment supported on fluted columns. Sometime during the years that he was an apprentice in the town he had heard James Caughey, an American evangelist. He had been converted, but the seed of his conversion sprouted under the whitewashed ceiling of Wesley Chapel. He became a boy preacher in the streets, and once, on a Sunday morning, the satisfied souls of the congregation were shocked by a rabble of slum youths who scuffled into the forward pews, ragged, odorous, filthy and somewhat antagonistic.

After that service young William Booth was scolded by the church authorities and finally told that he might bring his outcasts into the temple again provided only that he led them in by the back way. That was a door invisible behind the pulpit, and which was the approach to obscure benches reserved for the shabby and impecunious. Although he acknowledged the validity of the objections of the church leaders, my father then and there became engaged in a struggle that did not end until long afterward; but it was the churches that surrendered, not Booth.

Once in the days of his later years of recognition, King Edward VII of England asked him how he was getting along with the churches.

Shrewdly and with twinkling eyes he met the gaze of his king.

"Sire," he said, "they imitate me," and the king laughed with full appreciation of the success of that revolution.

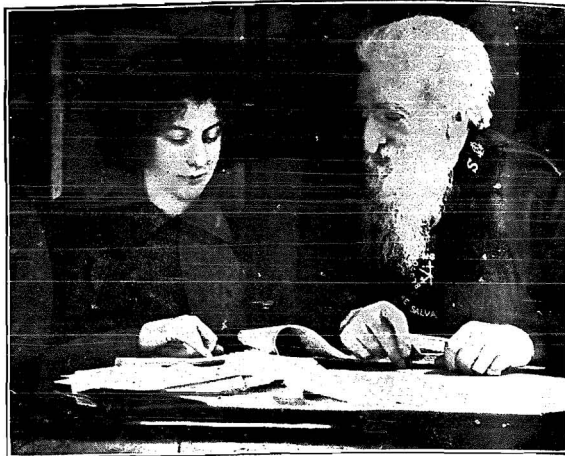
In London at the time my father left the pawnbroking business for the ministry he already had met my mother. They were married in London in 1855. His ministry then was a settled thing; but so, too, was that of my mother. She was one of the first women ever to preach in London, and she was a beloved figure in West End drawing-rooms when her husband was still an unknown missionary in the slums of the East End.

Out of the Ministry

Unless one conjures out of the past a picture of the London of that time it is impossible to understand the beginnings of The Salvation Army. There was then no adequate system of national education, no provision for poverty except the hideous institution called a poorhouse. Any general scheme for the relief of the poor was a kind of blasphemy to the complacent and materialistic folks who were in the majority in England.

Drunkenness was frightfully common. The streets where the poor lived echoed the obscene noise of uproarious men staggering home from the ale houses. Slaternly women, equally drunken, kept them company. Swarming everywhere went ragged, bare-footed, verminous children. We speak with horror to-day of the bands of homeless children that are adrift in Russia. England in the time of which I speak was worse, because in Russia at least an effort is being made to improve conditions. If you suggested improvement to the English upper classes in that day you were likely to be denounced as a disturber of the peace.

Because of the evangelistic work on his Missions, my father incurred the sharp displeasure of the leaders of that branch of the Methodist Church which had made him a minister. After



The Founder and his fourth daughter, Evangeline Booth, Commander for the United States of America

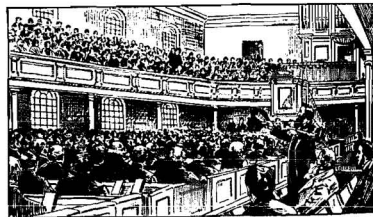
more than a decade of striving to get along in the organization there came a day when there was a conference of the church authorities in a chapel, at which an effort was made to force my father to submit his energy to the harness of the church discipline. He was given the alternative of giving up his evangelistic work or resigning.

In a front-row seat in the chapel under the frowns of those who disapproved he rose to his feet, a tall, black-bearded man with a clean-shaven upper lip. With a question in his eyes he turned to gaze up into the gallery where my mother was seated. The ministry was their only means of livelihood for themselves and their children. Should he stultify his conscience? He did not have to utter the question aloud.

Rising in her place my mother shouted "Never!"

The Birth of The Army

When he heard that exclamation my father waved his hat to her as a signal to meet him at the door. There he embraced and kissed her, and in that instant The Salvation Army was born.



Rising in her place Mrs. Booth shouted "Never."

There were years of work, of course, before the name was evolved. The uniform, the drums, and much else developed in time, but the institution which carries on its work to-day in all parts of the world was then and there conceived.

One night he went to the Mile End Road, and outside of a saloon that was perhaps the most degraded resort in that slum region he mounted a soap box and began to preach. He made one convert, an Irishman, a prize fighter, and it was this man swaggering with clenched fists among the scowling, muttering crowd of half-drunken men that kept them from attacking my father as he preached there in the open air. Always from that time he spoke of the out-of-doors as his cathedral; but it was that night that he really found his work. He gave up the mission with which he had been associated so that he might go and preach where the people needed him.

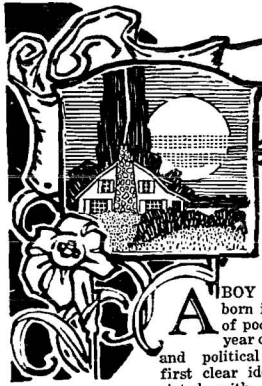
The ones that most wanted help would not, he knew, come to the missions or the churches, and so he kept on with his Open-air meetings on the Mile End Waste, surrounded by noisy drunkards, fallen women, literally the dregs of human society. Though they pelted him with garbage, with stones and with epithets that must have hurt his sensitive soul even more than the filthiest of their missiles, he conducted his services. Even then he had followers, but many of them could not stomach the ceaseless processions, the Open-air meetings and the threatening mockery of the crowd.



A boy preacher in the slums

DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

By HUMPHREY WALLIS



A BOY - BABY was born in Nottingham, of poor parents, in a year of great natural and political storms. His first clear ideas were associated with poverty. His boyhood was a continuous diary of sufferings of the people.

He was a genius, but his power was hidden from himself and those who surrounded him. His body was a boy's; his spirit was a man's, brooding on great things in Heaven and on earth.

At thirteen he began to work for himself, his mother, and sisters. At fourteen his spiritual being, mature in direction, experienced the miracle called "conversion." Immediately, the wings of



He would run mile after mile

his genius were loosed. His soul embraced the people, the working, tormented myriads. He saw wherein was their emancipation.

He took a kitchen chair from a friendly house, and, outside the row of cottages, stood upon it, and told, with the vehemence of youth and the authority of age, how Christ came to set free by delivering from the law of sin and death.

There is a humble sincerity among the "common" people. The resentful housewife, the hopeless slattern, the drunkard and harlot, the bad man and the thief, make no pretence of goodness or to minimize truth.

They listened to the boy. He had converts before he could be called a youth.

To earn a living he had to go to London. In the maze of the imperial city he was alone. He labored for a hard master. But Sunday gave him a day's freedom. He saw the centre of England's government alive with people drifting down to death by the ways of evil—and no man cared for their souls.

The churches were open, but the people would not go into the churches.

Good, learned men called, but the people would not answer.

Teachers tried to teach, but the people were too weary with life to learn.

And the youth's genius of love was fired. He dreamed of an imperial city cleansed by the Blood of Christ, of a people happy and safe in the knowledge of sins forgiven, and Power to keep them from sin.

On Sundays he went to the most neglected districts. All day he preached, and talked of God and what God would do for the souls who trusted Him. The lad besought all who would listen, but specially the wicked and forsaken, to believe God, to see God.

Then, nine o'clock would strike. He would linger pleading with a wretched man, helping an outcast, pointing to the Light that lightens the world, and . . . then his lad's long legs would

run, mile after mile, hurrying, scurrying, lest he did not reach the shop door and knock ere the hand of the clock reached ten. If he failed, he would be shut out. And he had no money, no friend, no home.

In process of time he became a minister. Wherever he preached souls beheld the God-Man on the cross, and conversion miracles followed.

The young man could have had education and a comfortable, if small, livelihood. He yearned for a home. His genius of love denied him. He looked upon the people of the East End, heard their blasphemy, knew too well their agony of poverty and despair, and so cast himself away from the shelter of the pulpit, and out again into the streets, penniless. He was lost in the city's misery, seeking the lost.

Up and down the streets, in and out of the dreadful houses, to and fro to the ragged tent in the Quaker's burying-ground . . . Taunted, mocked, solemnly warned, upbraided, he preached daily the Gospel of Love, of Salvation to the uttermost.

About him rose up a group of converted buxies, prize-fighters, burglars, thieves, factory women, laborers, dock-men, the dregs of labor and human waste.

To him they were souls, wonderful saved souls, pure gold of the world, to be used to help their mates. No church would have them. No respectable religionists would associate with them. They were timid of the churches and shy of the congregations. Yet they had a religion that saved, a power that drew their like after them, and blunt words that turned into tenderest, most charitable deeds.

"What are we?" was a question they had to answer and to which they had no denominational reply.

"You are an Army of Salvation fighting against sin only," said their leader, the Nottingham man.

That was the birth of The Salvation Army.

Over eighty years old, blind, and weak in body, he laid himself down in a small villa in a London suburb to die, leaving no legacy, but a priceless example of Christian love, faith, and works. "The promises of God are sure, if you will only believe," was his last message to his Army.

Throughout the world the cable and telegraph sent the news:

"General William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army, has laid down his sword."

The poor, loving, brave boy's sword, that had never been stained or tarnished, that was the word-symbol of his life-long fight against the people's wrongs. The world, its kings and princes, governments and powers, mourned. In the City of London the main roads were massed with millions of private and official citizens to watch him pass on his last march—to his rest beside his noble wife in the cemetery in North-East London. Like a mighty monarch he went, he who had had no power or wealth except of the Spirit. A Father of the world, a hero of unselfish love, had left earth far richer and better for his existence. The bereaved millions mourned his going.

But this was not his dream come true.

Behind his coffin walked thousands of representatives of his Army of unknown men and women consecrated to the need and care of the obscure people. Round the globe were companies of men and women succoring needy, heather, outcast women, lepers, blind, diseased, famine-stricken; men and women who were not in pulpits, but beside those they lived to shepherd.

Tens of thousands lived daily with the aim of bringing the world's population back to God. This was his dream. It had come true.

A girl with splendid brown eyes, pretty pink cheeks, and dark brown hair was caged in a dwelling in South London. Her parents' income had decreased from comfortable independence to very moderate means. Her own delicacy and the custom of the time forbade her talents any exercise.

She was of the material of which saints and recluses are made. Her creed knew no convent; her ideal was a Gospel whose mystic meanings were made plain to the wayfaring man and the fool. Behind the white brow was a devotee though a logician.

Her environment was the suburb of a century ago, of merchants and rich men of moderate tastes, broad, quiet streets, big conventional houses, spreading trees. No room here for genius, even had it not been female genius.

The girl had, she said, "given herself to God." With books, study, and devotions she spent her life. Her genius was wasted.

She did not dream, she who dreamed of a free Gospel taught in highway and byway, that she was William Booth's destined wife and co-founder.

He came into her life one evening after a public meeting. Both were invited to sup with the same friends.

They loved at sight. The tempestuous, fiery, leader and the devoted, logical girl were the spiritual, mental, and physical complements of each other.

She married him in his poverty as a young minister. She gave her ready assent when he told her he would cast away the small competence given by the ministry and go out, a married man



Washed the babies in a broken dish

with five small children, penniless, to preach Christ's saving Joy to people too poor to pay him anything.

The dainty woman was the first to begin Salvation Army Slum Visitation. She paid the first Salvation Army Maternity call, years before there was an Army or Salvation Maternity Nurses. Finding in a poor den a woman in child-birth, she tended the woman and washed the twins in a broken dish, dressing them in some of her own babies' clothes.

She was the first woman to preach equal rights and duties for women in pulpit and on platform. The announcement that she was to lecture filled the biggest London halls of her day with audiences drawn from the cultured and highest

(Continued on page 17)

MY FATHER—THE FOUNDER

By
GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH



IT IS, I think, Harriet Martineau who says of one of her acquaintances — "Whenever I saw him I thought of what the first man must have been—God's ideal man."

I have often so thought of my father. He was every inch a man—tall, erect, and before the snows of winter had touched him, his step was like a footfall of power; He had beautiful hands; eyes that kindled and made one feel that they saw at every turn; a mouth playful as a little child's an "eminent" nose; a head that mounted up; and a whole expression of vivacity and vigor which was at the same time commanding and yet enticing with the charm of truest sympathy.

For his great power lay in his sympathy. His heart was a bottomless well of compassion. He knew no man and no nation after the flesh, and yet he had brothers in all the families of the earth who demanded his sympathy and help.

He, probably, was more widely and persistently abused than any other man of his time, and he was probably also more widely loved.

The little dying child, who, in the East End slum, put her wan fingers together, and in the very darkness of death said: "O God, bless the dear General for sending The Army to our slum," only voiced the feeling towards him of vast multitudes scattered in many lands.

That sympathy was joined with the most intense practicalness of temperament and policy, and was the secret of much of the support which The Army won even from those who at first looked upon our religious propaganda with positive contempt. One of our truest friends was made by watching a stranger stop in the street one day and help an old costermonger to lift a sack of iron scraps into his barrow.

"Who is that?" he asked. "That is General Booth," was the reply. Such practical sympathy has ever been one of the great forces of Salvationism.

The Founder's inexhaustible faith in humanity made his life among many a sort of gospel. He had bitter disappointments; but his hope was inextinguishable. I should think that more cold water was poured upon him and more square miles of wet blanket were spread over him and his schemes than afflicted any other mortal who essayed to lift a hand to bless mankind. But his faith in man carried him on; he never abandoned hope. He knew no prejudices, and despair was not written in his dictionary. I often saw him suffer acutely, but I never knew him waver.

That was because, above all things, he was religious. He had a faith. Doctrine was of more moment to him than to the bulk of teachers of his time. Incessant travel, and a remarkable facility for using interpreters, enabled him to speak to enormous numbers of men, and his message was ever the message of his Master. "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." He was not a preacher of ancient history, but of the living God and of the living facts of his day.

Forced into solitary action by the indisposition of the Church of forty years ago to tolerate any extraordinary evangelism, he

could have claimed to have set them all a pace that they now aim at surpassing. The attitude of a large part of the religious world has been totally changed towards efforts of all kinds for Christianizing the peoples, and for ameliorating their social miseries.

The Founder was fortunate alike in his friends and foes. Everywhere bad men, and those who

flourished by the sins and vices of the people, hated and opposed him. The narrow and small in the Churches, the people of the "limited" notions in religion maligned him.

Again and again I heard him exclaim on the goodness of God in his helpers. Their devotion, their resource, their infinite courage, their superb faith in God—all were his daily joy. Carlyle says that the great man is but the lightning descending from Heaven, setting fire to the fuel in the common mass from whence henceforth the light must proceed. It was so with our Founder. He was the kindling fire of Divine Compassion in this great Movement. It was from the meek and women who caught the flame that the great force came.

One picture among the many that I cherish of my father explains a certain new development in the history of The Army, but it also gives a glimpse of the deep fires that burned in the personality of William Booth. One morning, away back in the eighties, I was an early caller at his house in Clapton. Here I found him in his dressing-room, completing his toilet with ferocious energy. The hair brushes which he held in either hand were being wielded with eloquent vigor upon a mane that was more refractory than usual, and his braces were flying like the wings of Pegasus. No good-morning-how-do-you-do here!

"Bramwell," he cried, when he caught sight of me, "did you know that men slept out all night on the bridges?"

He had arrived in London very late the night before from some town in the South of England, and had to cross the city to reach his home. What he had seen on that midnight return accounted for this morning tornado. Did I know that men slept out all night on the bridges?

"Well, yes," I replied, "a lot of poor fellows, I suppose, do that."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have known it and to have done nothing for them," he went on, vehemently.

I began to speak of the difficulties, burdened as we were already, of taking up all sorts of Poor Law Work, and so forth. My father stopped me with a peremptory wave of the brushes.

"Go and do something!" he said. "We must do something."

"What can we do?"

"Get them a shelter!"

"That will cost money."

"Well, that is your affair! Something must be done. Get hold of a warehouse and warm it, and find something to cover them. But mind, Bramwell, no coddling!"

That was the beginning of The Salvation Army Shelters, the earliest and most typical institutions connected with our now world-wide Social Work. But it also

throws a ray of light on the characteristic benevolence of The Army's Founder. I write of him here from what I humbly acknowledge to have been the great determining force of his life—namely, the uplifting and guiding influence of the Spirit of God.



Helped an old Costermonger to lift a sack of iron scraps into his barrow

MEMORIES OF THE FOUNDER

A Break-down in the Rain

A MONG Colonel Morehen's cherished memories of the Founder are many incidents which illustrate his kind thought for his Officers. The Colonel, while Divisional Commander at Bristol over thirty years ago, had the misfortune to severely injure himself as the result of a fall. He was laid aside for some time, and at length was able to hobble about with the aid of a stick. The Founder, visiting Bristol for a Campaign, noticed the Colonel and at the close of the Sunday's meetings called him to his side and after making sympathetic enquiries regarding his progress, placed his hands on the Colonel's head and blessed him. Later, the Colonel was with The Army's first General during some of his famous motor tours. These were strenuous times for the Founder and by no means a holiday jaunt. On one occasion,



The party had some anxious moments

during a tour in Scotland, the party was making its way towards Dundee. It was raining "cats and dogs," and to make matters worse, one by one the half dozen or so motors in the cavalcade broke down. The Founder had to speak in Dundee that same night at a great meeting which had been arranged. The party had some anxious moments, but by repeatedly changing to a surviving car The Army's aged Leader arrived just in time to fling off his wet clothes and mount the platform. "He jumped right into that meeting," says the Colonel, "as though he had been resting all day."

While in charge of the North London Division, the Colonel came to realize what a powerful example the Founder was to the Soldiers there, for it will be remembered that he lived at High Barnet, a Corps in that Division, his name appearing on the Soldiers' Roll of the little suburban Corps. "He was always very faithful in firing his cartridge," recalls the Colonel, "and also with his personal gift for the Self-Dental Fund. He ever had an encouraging word for his Corps Officer and would often say, when handing over his Self-Dental gift, 'And if you are a little below your Corps target, come back and see the General.'"

A Zealous Soul-Winner

"The first time I saw the Founder was on the occasion of his initial visit to Canada," says Brigadier Burrows. "He conducted an All-Night of Prayer at the Temple. In those days the Temple had a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred, and the building was filled. Young though I was—just in my early 'teens—I was impressed with the earnestness and zeal with which the General talked of the future of the Organization. He was desirous that it should continue to fulfill its great mission in this world."

The reverential attitude evinced by the Founder in his Prayer meetings touched the Brigadier. When not engaged in leading, he would lean on the desk, his head buried in his hands, pouring his whole soul out in prayer for the sinner.

Brigadier Burrows was a delegate to the 1904 International Congress in London, and often heard the Founder in his fiery messages, both in the public and in private Councils. "To hear him would be so inspiring that one would resolve never to leave the ranks of the dear old Army, but to fight on till death, against the sin and evil he himself fought so vigorously."

Wouldn't Shake Hands

Brigadier Byers traces his conviction, if not his subsequent conversion and entry into the Training Garrison to a passing glimpse and a half-dozen words of our Founder. He was only a lad when he first saw the Founder, and was neither converted nor connected in any way with The Army. The Founder was touring Canada at the time, and on passing through the town where

the lad Byers lived, the train made a brief stop. There was no time to formally address the throng which had gathered, but, poking his head out of the coach window, the Founder, in measured, heartfelt tones uttered a text, spoke a few words—and the train moved on.

So impressed was the Brigadier-to-be that he was led to exclaim: "Surely this is another Elijah!" Interest in the Founder naturally awakened curiosity in the Organization of which he was the World Leader. Next time he came in contact with the Founder, it was in a new relationship altogether. He had become an Officer. On this occasion, too, there was a happening which is of more than passing interest.

He was in charge of Kingston Corps in 1897, and the Founder was billed to campaign in the city. An immense crowd had rallied to greet the Founder. As he stepped from the train, Byers stepped forward, and extended his hand to the Founder. To the Brigadier's surprise the outstretched hand was ignored and in an undertone the Founder said: "Salute your General." "I beg your pardon," said the Brigadier not catching the meaning. "Salute your General," repeated the Founder, and the Brigadier did so with alacrity.

The Brigadier was feeling somewhat abashed at this rather brusque treatment, but in a short time a policeman pushed through the throng and escorted him to where the General sat in a car. In a direct and kindly manner the Founder explained his strange conduct: "If I had shaken hands with you I would have had to shake hands with everybody; God bless you, my boy." The Brigadier quite saw his mistake and recalls with admiration the Founder's gracious explanation.

Pleased with the Solo

The 1904 International Congress was at its height. Previous to one of the mammoth gatherings which were held in a large temporary building in "the Strand," the late Commissioner Lawley informed Colonel Adby that the General desired him to sing. To face five thousand people and sing in a hall of such vast proportions was no small ordeal. In fear and trembling, and breathing a prayer that the song-message might wing its way to some heart, the Colonel commenced that inspired gem:

"O Lamb of God, Thou wonderful Sin-bearer." He sang more with soul than voice, and it is such singing that always accomplishes the end for which soloing of this nature was introduced.



Down on his knees dropped the Founder

in The Army. Especially did the song appeal to the Founder. Leaving his seat he approached Colonel Adby and wagging a bony fore-finger in his face said emphatically: "If I could sing like that I would sing my way around the world."

The challenge has not gone unheeded. In hundreds of centres in the British Isles his melodies have been heard as well as from the sea-grit coast of Newfoundland to the pine-clad slopes of British Columbia.

Another memory of the Founder which stands out in the Colonel's memory is as follows. The late Earl Carrington once loaned his park at High Wycombe to The Army for a special demonstration. As the Founder was entering the gates a drunken man came lurching up to him.

"Hullo, General Booth," he cried out with insolent familiarity. "How yer gettin' on?"

Down on his knees dropped the Founder and offered up what to Adby seemed a peculiar prayer: "O Lord, the Devil has got this man like a monkey up a stick," he said. "Come down and deliver him."

Then he passed into the park to take part in the great demonstration.

A Meeting at a Railway Station

"I have met the dear Founder on many occasions," writes Colonel Noble. "The last time was on a Saturday night at King's Cross Station, London, the terminus of the Great Northern Railway. I was entering the Railway Station to meet an Officer travelling from a long distance, when I saw a commotion. The people on the platform were making way for someone to pass. One of the officials said to me, 'Your General is on this train.' They had evidently received word ahead of his arrival. I thought, what a change! People received him with affectionate regard. They felt he was of the people and for the people."

"I can see again that venerable form walking along the platform conducted by his Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Evan Smith. The General was then 82 years of age, and was blind. He could not see me. His Secretary saluted me and said, 'Would you like to speak with the General?' I said I would love to do so. 'Wait until I get him in a carriage, (one of those London horse cabs) I will call back for you.' The Secretary introduced me. The General wanted to know what I was doing there. That was characteristic of him. When I told him, he seemed satisfied, and held out his hand to me and gave me his blessing. I shall never forget the touch of that gentle hand and the thrill that came



A venerable form walking down the platform

to me from that great heart. He told me he was going to another London Railway Station to take train for a week-end's meetings in the Midlands. "Just imagine, at his age, almost blind, depending upon another to guide him, going all that way on a wintry night, for a strenuous Campaign for the Salvation of the people. This is the heritage he has left us to maintain to fight hard and to fight to the end, putting first the Kingdom of God."

A Precious Recollection

"When I was a young Lieutenant I first saw the Founder in London, Ontario, about the year 1895," writes Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore. "It was in the stormy Winter weather, and great preparations were made for his visit."

"As I entered the Hall for the morning meeting I looked eagerly at the General. He stood in the rear of Colonel Lawley, who was giving out the song. 'Some people I know don't live holy!'"

"The Colonel was a happy-looking man, but the General claimed most of my attention. I noted his tall, thin figure, the greying hair and beard, the braided coat and scarlet gurnsey, and his nervous, intensely-interested manner. I remembered that only recently his beloved wife and partner in this holy war had left him for the Gloryland, and my eyes brimmed with tears while a deep reverence filled my soul."

"The General lined out the second song and emphasized a line, 'From all the sins over which I have wept,' adding, 'and the sins over which you have not wept.'"

"It was one of the high spots in my life, for I felt that I had really gazed upon a man of God."

All Through a Testimony

During one of the Founder's visits to Canada he was in Commissioner Eva Booth's office at Territorial Headquarters while the Temple Open-air was in progress. Hearing a woman's voice in testimony, and looking out upon the scene, he asked those with him, "Who is that speaking? Is she an Officer? If not, she ought to be." He made enquiries which had much to do with the ultimate career of one with whom Canadian comrades became well acquainted, namely, Major Maggie Andrews, who did such splendid service in the Canadian Field and in the Klondyke, and went to Glory from the Indian battlefield. Certainly his judgment in this, as in other cases, was well founded.



The woman who pointed the parson's moral was sworn-in as a Soldier

"HOW WIDE is the girth of the world?" asked The Army's Founder, stretching out his arms, as his sharp eyes twinkled.

"Twenty-five thousand miles," was the answer from the audience at the Great Western Hall in London, England, at the opening services on May 4th, 1855. "Then," he said, "we must grow till our arms get right round about it."

The story of how that growth has taken place, until now in the Centenary Year of the Founder's birth, it is at work in eighty-six countries and colonies is indeed a fascinating one. We cannot attempt anything like a detailed account of how The Army spread to these various countries, but propose to give a few glimpses, gathered from old records, of some of the most interesting happenings.

The work was started in Canada by Army converts who held meetings in London and Toronto. The following story, related by Major Jacobs (now Colonel [R]) affords a glimpse into the methods adopted by The Army which won success.

"In a certain town of Nova Scotia, which we will designate as X., lived a certain minister of the Gospel who was very much opposed to the Salvation Army. One night, as he passed down the street, a new and unwelcome object met his gaze. Actually, a drunken woman, lying in the gutter! There could be no mistake about it. Careful investigation assured the minister that it was a genuine case of inebriety, and off he set to remedy the evil according to his ideas. Meantime, The Army Captain heard the same painful fact, and instantly went about remedying it according to his light. The minister went home and set to work on a sermon which should portray 'the morals of X.', using the horrible incident of the drunken woman to force conviction upon his hearers. The Army Captain simply sent a woman Sergeant to visit the woman and bring her to the Hall. The minister's sermon took three weeks' preparation. It was said to be a very eloquent affair. But very possibly we shall not find extended mention of it in the archives of Heaven, when we find leisure to pore over them in eternity, for I should think all the best Heavenly reporters told off for X. that night, took their station in The Army Hall, where the woman who pointed the parson's moral was being 'sworn-in' as a Soldier under the Yellow, Red and Blue!"

A German Salvationist, won in the United States, and transferred to Switzerland, pioneered the Work in Southern Germany by the persistent sale of "The War Cry." From an article by Commissioner Railton we take the following extract:—

"The day after my last visit to B— some thirty-six persons who had attended our meetings were fined ten shillings each. What a contrast between the treatment measured out to The Army and the bicyclists by pious Wurtemberg last Sunday. There was a great bicycle meet and race carried out on the public road with the assistance of the police that Sunday afternoon, and the whole town and neighborhood were occupied most of the day with this fete. Yet it is considered a scandal that the people who wear uniform, blow cornets, and wave flags in the Heavenly race, should be allowed to have a place and carry on meetings at all in the town. We went out amongst the crowd, however, and presented some of the bicyclists from a



Down went another lamp

The ROMANCE OF THE

distance with old 'War Cry,' and got quite an ovation. All the cold water anybody can throw will neither quench our Soldiers' love nor prevent their winning the hearts of other poor sinners to Christ."

Commissioner Railton, preparing a Dutch Song Book for South Africa, enlisted the services of an Amsterdam school-teacher, who had been influenced through reading "En Avant" (the French "War Cry"). About a year later the one time teacher, having been trained and commissioned as an Officer, assisted in the opening of Holland. Rough times were experienced, as the following extract from a report of a Corps opening will show.

"Steady lads, give us a chance!" And down went another lamp, knocked by a short form held in the hands of a muscular young man, slightly intoxicated.

"It was a new opening of the Leger des Heils in a small town. The ex-pakhuus (packhouse) was filled by a large crowd of young men, evidently primed with liquor for the occasion.

"Doubtless the proceedings seemed rather tame to our young friends, who were suddenly inspired with a desire to smash the lamps and seats. In this they succeeded only too well, a young man, named Jan, taking a by no means insignificant part in the fray. Shortly after the police appeared and cleared the Hall. The 'schutterie,' or civil guard were called out by roll of drum, but the rioters surrounded the drummer and threw the drum over a wall. Order was not restored in Beverwyck till one o'clock in the morning."

It is gratifying to be able to record that Jan, the ring-leader of the rioters, got saved shortly after.

The bitterest opposition was encountered by our pioneers in Switzerland, including brutal mob-attacks, even with firearms; the injury, pillage and destruction of buildings; the issue of oppressive decrees closing Halls and prohibiting meetings the imprisonment of Salvationists and expulsion of leaders. But multitudes, including persecutors and notorious sinners, became converted and developed into robust Salvationists. Here is an incident of those early days:—

"As an Officer was leading a meeting in Eisenbach, what appeared to be an enormous grizzly bear climbed on the platform, and made for her with outstretched arms! The congregation was terrified, but the Officer was perfectly calm. Something told her that a man and not a bear was concealed underneath that woolly skin. She went on with the meeting, and the bear pranced round, disappointed at not having made more sensation, till at last, overpowered with the heat, he was forced to rush ignominiously out doors for air."

Insignificant indeed seemed the party of three who "opened fire" in Cape Town, South Africa. Yet in a little while considerable interest was manifested by the people, and the work began to grow. Staff-Captain (now Commissioner) Unsworth tells the story of how he visited a Bechuana King at Tongoe. He found a curious town of round-topped huts planted in a valley. He demanded to see the King and was led to his kraal.

There he found a semi-circle of natives, ranged in an open space, around a very black old man with gray wool. He had one arm in a sling, and he sat on a chair, under a thatch canopy. He wore an English dress, surmounted by a wide, soft hat, adorned by an enormous ostrich feather. This was the King. The surrounding natives, some clad in partial European dress, some conveniently attired in blankets, were his chiefs.

"What do you want?" shouted one of these to the advancing strangers.

"King Mankorane."

"That's King Mankorane," was the response, as the chief pointed to the grizzly old gentleman on the chair. It was the first time Staff-Captain Unsworth had ever been to court, but the correct thing to do seemed to be to shake hands; so he walked up to the monarch and shook hands and then sat him down upon the ground.

By means of an interpreter the Staff-Captain told the King all about The Army and its work, the interview lasting an hour and a half, and concluding with a prayer-meeting with the King and all his chiefs kneeling on the ground.

Operations among the Italian population of London led to the unfurling of the Flag in Italy. Writing about the opening of Passlot, Major Whatmore (now Commissioner) records the following incident.

"A Catholic cobbler and a big drunkard are amongst recent captives. The cobbler's dwelling, like many of the poorer peo-

ple's here, is upon the modification for all his regular workshop, bedroom, etc. Upon a recent visit to the found several of his old, est hesitation he knelt, Salvation and praise for

Through reading a India civil servant, now a Salvationist, and who in Bombay. Army Officer imprisonment. Here is a

It was Christmas Eve, and wishing each other away from all mirth and might be seen, trampling. Cujarat. Two of the party which procuring the nation seven were evidently not at all a desperate women, two of whom remained two clasped to hanging between life and every moment to be his. Could they really be going going to prison; they were be "numbered with the

Although more than Salvationists had been singing hymns in the day fixed upon to convey. The next day, sixteen fourteen days each.

The trial over, the accompanied by the police together, then rising from shallow water and were



A bear made for her



Selling "Crys" at a bicycle meet in Germany



In audience

leading to Ahmedabad. nor the sentence which daunted that noble India suffer for Christ than sequence to them wasted and bound with iron had made them free. In the prison they tives there to Christ.

The work in Belgium and was also met

A saved collier said country he acquired then felt strongly led to well that it would



Knelt down

ARMY'S MARVELLOUS GROWTH

...A stable supplies accom-
...such as dining-room, kitchen,
...being the abode of his cow.
...ly-made convert, the Captain
...there, but without the slight-
...fore them, in prayer for their
...verance."

The War Cry," a highly placed
...doner Booth-Tucker (R), became
...ers, raised The Army Standard
...ations were promptly met with
...incident.

...et people were enjoying them-
...erry Christmas," etc. But, far
...y, a small party of natives
...ne of the deep, sandy roads of
...the awkward-looking blue dress
...woman of India, while the other
...under arrest. Yet they were
...nary, for four of them were
...ing babies, while one of the re-
...a little sick boy, who was
...the poor mother expecting
...at crime had they committed?
...? Yes, dear reader, they were
...ed, like their blessed Lord, to
...sors."

...had passed since these seven
...to appear for marching and
...mup, Christmas Day was the
...the lock-up.

...passed upon the offenders—
...were marched down to the river
...the shore they knelt and prayed
...ees they stepped into the
...to sight on the opposite side



African King

...the taunts of the policemen,
...to be executed upon them
...ative Salvationists, who were
...ake. They chose rather to
...due. It was of little conse-
...confined between stone walls
...They were free, the Son
...free indeed!
...number of the wretched cap-

...throw of our Dutch opera-
...opposition.
...service in Holland, in which
...the Dutch language. He
...work in Belgium, knowing full
...ness of persecution.



old associates

Going to Malines this comrade and his wife spent some time in acquiring the Flemish tongue. Their appearance on the street in Army uniform led to their being pelted with mud and stones. In the life story of an Army trophy whom they led to God, we come across the following incident:

"...hard-drinking, hard-swearing, jovial-looking workman was Lano. One evening, sitting on a step with one of his children in his arms, music comes floating down the streets. He pricks up his ears. What's all this? Flag, drum, cymbals and trumpets and all the rest. The column advances up the street, pursued by a gang of children and roughs. Mud is thrown, and the lass who carries the drum gets a handful in her face. What a strange looking woman!



Prisoners for Jesus

urchins and roughs against these noisy proceedings."
But Lano got saved and became the Corps drummer.

Army work was commenced in the United States by Amos Shirley, his wife, and their daughter. Converted at Coventry they were deeply moved as they sensed the needs of the people, and as a consequence they began to conduct Open-air and Cottage meetings, and with excellent spiritual results. Eventually they secured a discarded chair factory and began to conduct meetings of the character with which they had been familiar in the Old Land. Meanwhile they were beseeching the Founder to send reinforcements, which in due course arrived—Commiss Railton and seven women-Officers.

Work was soon started in the New York slums, and though the loveless and degraded denizens there regarded the Sisters with cold suspicion at first, they soon learned to appreciate their loving service and dubbed them "the Queens."

A writer in an Army periodical of those days says, "Not only are doors opened wide to them everywhere, but they are welcome guests in those bare and unhomelike homes, and are sent for on every emergency. A child dies. It is known 'the Queens' will comfort the mother, still the other sick child, brighten the sad home and wash the little corpse. A husband has come home drunk, smashed the poor remnant of furniture, and beaten the wife who is lying sick; the room is in a state of chaos, but they send for the girls who can calm the drunken brute, set things straight, and comfort the woman whose heart is more broken than her poor bruised body and wrecked home."

"In one thousand homes their bright, loving faces have been seen during the last few months, and already a strong bond of union has sprung up between them and this blighted, godless crowd in whose midst they are sowing the seeds for a precious victory in the future."

The pioneer of Army work in Denmark was Staff-Captain Perry, now Lt.-Colonel (R). After braving innumerable repetitions of "Vist ikke!" (certainly not!) to his request for the hire or loan of a hall, he conducted the first meeting in a building capable of seating five hundred persons.

From the very first the building proved inadequate for the accommodation of the vast crowds who flocked to hear the "Freelance Band" man. Newspapers had announced the coming of The Army, the appearance of Staff-Captain Perry, what manner of clothes he wore, and just what kind of man he appeared to those unaccustomed eyes. As often happens, the press reports—most sceptical as to the success of the venture, and all profoundly pessimistic about the possibilities of The Army ever appealing to the "mercenary, pleasure-loving Dane"—were in the nature of a God-send. Thousands arrived outside the hall for the first meeting, and almost as many were turned away; and when the same thing happened at night on that first Sunday a riot was only narrowly avoided.

In the inaugural gathering, immediately the invitation was given, a stoutward Dane raised his hand and intimated that he wanted to be saved. There was no little excitement at that; the excitement became something approaching hysteria when another man, and then a woman, followed him to the penitent-form. In the initial attack three captures had been made!

A reporter hastened down to the penitent-form then—not to get converted but to interview the first convert for his "experience." His copy helped to swell the tide of general astonishment which swept the whole city next morning. Everybody



The girls calm the drunken brute

began to talk of the "new religion" . . . which was an exceedingly good thing for The Army!

Sweden's first Salvationist was a woman, she having been won for God in one of the services conducted by General Braumwell Booth, when he visited that country in search of health. This young woman became an eager soul-seeker, and although nameless, may be entitled to rank as Sweden's first Salvationist. The first Salvationist whose name is known, however, is Commissioner Hanna Ouchterlony, who was the post-mistress at the place where the General was resting.

She was a striking personality, and to her, through these services, there came a revelation which caused her to become a Salvationist. She became the first Officer of The Salvation Army in Sweden and its pioneer leader for nine or ten years.

In France, as in Switzerland, the early Salvationists were sorely tried by the cruel treatment of the roughs and too often by the unjust sentences imposed upon them by the magistrates of that day. The pioneer was the General's eldest sister, and assisting her were Captain Florence Soper (now Mrs. Booth) and Lieutenant Adelaide Cox, now Commissioner Cox (R). Those first Soldiers trod, like their Master, a blood-marked way, and one of them, Cadet Jeanmonod, was killed at his post of duty—the door of our Quai Valmy Hall.

Truly typical was the opening of Australia. Two Christian Missionaries, a London milkman and a Yorkshire builder, meeting in Adelaide, informally commenced operations and won converts. Here is an instance of how the fire spread.

Two Army Soldiers went to live in the Wimmera district. They commenced work immediately among their neighbors, and there was a great spiritual awakening. For miles around the people were all converted. Only two families were unsaved, and these positively refused to go to the meetings and fairly trembled at the appearance of a Salvationist. Meetings were held in a sheep shearer's hut, which is thus described. "Up and down each side were men sitting in bunks, the sight reminding one of being on board ship; directly in front of the pulpit, were hanging from the roof, two slaughtered sheep, ready for cook. This did not interfere with our sight, as they were in a line with the table. Feeling this meeting was an opportunity to be made the most of at the start we knelt down and placed ourselves fully in God's hands."

"Holy Ghost, grip hold of these men this night," rang through the room, and echoed back again, followed by a united 'Amen,' from our little band. So the meeting went on."

And so we might go on, telling of the noble pioneers who "blazed the trail" in Finland, Japan, South America, or in the myriad Isles of the sea. They were of the stuff of which heroes are made. They stood alone, in many instances, waiting patiently and pathetically; they challenged evil, they gave their money, their time, and strength toward establishing the work which they believed was the most essential to the world's true progress. In imagination we see them cheering on the forces who respond to the Centenary Call Campaign, and rejoicing in the victories which they see are to be won on the world's wide battle-field to-day.



In an Australian sheep shearers' hut



THE FOUNDER was always at work; always full stretch for the Kingdom, and this was the subject of comment on steamer and train wherever he travelled, even to his extreme old age. A Duchess remonstrated with him during one of his voyages to Australia:

Even when seriously taxed by the demands made upon his time he had ever his great objective in view. Years of travelling in all parts of the world, and the exceeding frequency of the "commandering" of temporary Field Headquarters in the homes of often utter strangers, did not at all cause him to be indifferent to the

London terminus, he remarked, "Well, Lawley, don't I look a guy? The boys in Queen Victoria Street will be shouting, 'Where did you get that hat?'"

In Canada on one occasion the Territorial Commander arranged to convey the Founder to an engagement across a lake in a steam-launch which had been presented to The Army. The Commissioner was determined that The Salvation Army boat should make its presence conspicuous, and installed in it so powerful a hooter that some wags declared that when the hooter blew the engines stopped for lack of steam. On the trip, and whilst the Founder was having some rest in the cabin, the launch stuck on a sand bank. After fruitless efforts to get off, the Commissioner requested Lawley to go and tell the General that it had been decided to take him off in a rowing boat! For once Lawley reckoned without his host. He delivered his message, to which the General replied, "Why doesn't he say we are stuck in the mud?" In a little while he appeared on deck and with a whimsical look in his eyes marshalled the whole company on one side of the launch. "When I say 'go' all run to one side of the ship; and again when I say the word, run back."

The crowd obeyed, and the order was repeated several times. The rocking of the launch caused a basin in the mud. Then the General ordered, "Full speed astern," and the launch slipped out.

A Perilous Situation

It was also in the Land of the Maple that danger threatened the Founder whilst travelling. Only twice on the rails was his life thus imperilled. Crossing the Rockies a snow-slide had occurred. Creeping along the ledge cut out of the mountain-side, the train suddenly came to a full stop that shook it from end to end. Within a dozen yards of the engine lay a great tree covered with snow; hundreds of feet below was the frozen river. Another time several carriages of an express train by which the Founder and Commissioner Lawley were travelling became uncoupled; but the carriage occupied by our travellers was unaffected.

One of the worst bits of sea experience in his world travels was in Bass Straits, between Tasmania and Australia. The Captain was on the bridge throughout a fearful, black night, and great seas threatened to engulf the small "Coogee." Lawley stood beside the old General's bunk all night. The General, though much shaken, jocularly remarked, "If ever I meet a man says he's been around the world without being ill I'll ask him if he's ever been this trip on the 'Coogee.'"

But not only did the General utilize steam and rail facilities for the purpose of carrying the



The Founder conducting prayers with the servants in the kitchen of a house in which he was being entertained

"Don't you think you work too hard?" she asked. "Do you not think you should come up on deck and get more rest and pleasure?"

"Madam," the Founder replied, "I rest in my work, and my work is my pleasure. During the four weeks I am on this boat I believe I shall have more pleasure than all the passengers put together."

A World Traveller

This remark was not an idle boast, but was daily exemplified in the life of our beloved Founder, and at no time was it more evident than when he was engaged on his numerous strenuous campaigns abroad. He was a world traveller, greeted in every land by thousands.

The following description of one Australian night ride may give some idea both of the eagerness of the people to hear him and of the amount of fatigue the General was able to endure:

"We left at 5 p.m. The journey was certainly unique in my history. Six or seven times in that night or early morning was I fetched out of my carriage to deliver addresses. The mayors of two of the towns were there to receive me, with crowds all placed in orderly fashion, with torches burning, everything quiet as death, while I spoke and finished up only with the ringing of the departing bell of the train and the hurrahs of the people.

"At two in the morning, at Wagga-Wagga, of Tichborne fame, they fairly bombarded my carriage shouting, 'General Booth, won't you speak to us? Won't you come out?' But I thought you could really have just too much of a good thing.

"At another station, after speaking for the twenty minutes allowed for breakfast, a lady put through the window a really superb English breakfast, as good as ever I had in my life, with everything necessary for eating it, and as we went off she said, 'Mind, I'm a Roman Catholic.'

gracious kindness shown him. And many souls were blessed during his visits. On one occasion he made a request to pray with the servants in a certain home where he was billeted. "Why certainly, General. At once?" asked his hostess.

"Yes, I think before I go to my room!"

"Would you care to meet them in the drawing-room?"

"No, I think, if you don't mind, that I'd prefer to have them in the kitchen. They would feel more at home there!"

"Very good, General, we shall find most of them there now," was the gracious reply.

The Founder, with three members of his party, followed the hostess into the great kitchen. The setting sun was streaming through the window, garbing The Army's Leader in an outline of living gold as he stood at the head of the long deal table around which the women folk of the household were grouped. Only a few sentences were spoken in that rumbling voice, and then we knelt while he prayed.

Such a tender appeal; so wonderfully informed. The scullery maid frankly opened her eyes and stared at his radiant features. She seemed to be asking, "Who told him about me?" The parlor maid dropped her head on her arm on the table and sobbed silently. And the sun's rays slanted in and around his form as if to signify that the communication between Heaven and that particular spot on earth was completely established. That was a tremendous moment for all present!

There was plenty of fun to be gathered by the way on the Founder's journeyings! On one continental tour, when changing trains at a junction, the General's high hat—which he used to wear before he abandoned this last vestige of convention—was left behind. Upon arrival at the next place of call another hat was bought, which proved to be two sizes too big. No record is preserved of the General's comment, but putting on the offending headgear when he neared the



"When I say 'go' all run to one side of the ship"

Gospel message, for at the age of seventy-four he entered upon the first of six highly-successful Motor Campaigns, and passed from end to end and side to side of Great Britain gathering crowds from day to day for six weeks at a time.

Enlisting Soul-Winners

Some of the Founder's methods in selecting his Officers.



THAT the Founder had a wonderful gift of discernment no one that knew him will deny. Nor will any question the fact that

he made full use of it.

And perhaps no better evidences of his keen eye is found than in his almost uncanny ability to pick out from Army Soldiers and Converts men and women who he saw had the makings of Officers, and also in selecting from his Officers those who he felt had capacity for filling positions of special responsibility.

One who became one of his foremost helpers had formerly been a notorious sinner, and had only been converted two weeks when, because of having shown such splendid qualities, he was sent by a woman Officer to the Founder, with the



"Brother Carleton come up to the front and deal with these penitents"

strongest recommendation of acceptance.

It was arranged for him to speak with the Founder after the meeting. Eyeing him keenly, The Army Leader, who had observed him during the meeting, said, "You ought to do something for God with those eyes! Good night!"

"I had never had such a shock before," said the Commissioner, as the young convert became. "If that's being accepted for the work, I said to myself, 'what next, I wonder?'"

When the Founder was at all in doubt about a Candidate for Officership he would often draw such a one out by means of the most discouraging remarks. To one woman Candidate who had gone expecting a hearty welcome, he said, "Well, what good do you think you'll be?" The then Chief of Staff being present, desiring to help the Candidate, remarked upon the high commendation her Officers had given her. He wished to send her off directly to a Corps, but the Founder, still uncertain, said, "No, send her to Emma" (the late Consul), which opened the way for her to go to the newly-opened Training Home for women, then under his daughter's direction.

One whom the Founder's eye fell upon in the early days was an earnest young man living in Ligoniel, Ireland, who was desirous to get The Army to his home town. Knowing his desire, The Army's first General enlisted him in the service one never-to-be-forgotten night, with the words, "Brother Carleton, come up to the front and deal with these penitents."

That night the future Commissioner of The Salvation Army surrendered himself and all that he had to God, but, as he says, he did not "comprehend the fullness of blessings He was going to give me in return."

It was away back in 1875 that the Founder interviewed a converted chimney sweep from Rugby. He was a "rough gem," to use the Founder's own words, but there was the making of an Army jewel in Elijah Cadman, and our first General recognized it and accepted the little fire-brand, with what result the whole Army world knows, for the name of Commissioner Cadman has rung round the two hemispheres as a daring fighter for the Lord.

The week-end following his acceptance for Officership found the converted sweep with the Founder at Wellingsboro. One of the old veterans in the Corps used to delight to relate the story of that day. The Founder told Cadman to commence the afternoon meeting as he himself would be late in arriving. On reaching the Hall the Founder was immensely amused to see the little

man with his coat off, sliding down the rail of the pulpit steps to illustrate some point he was making in his "sermon."

That the Founder saw the great possibilities latent in Cadman was evidenced by the hearty encouragement he gave the energetic and original little man.

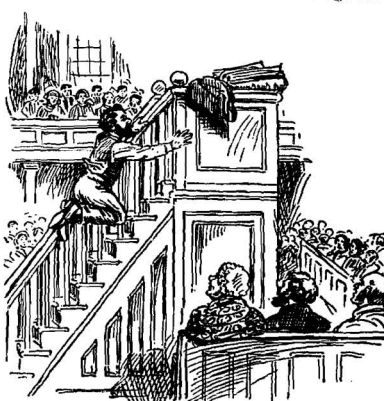
It was Elijah Cadman who, when stationed at Whitby, first took the title of Captain—doubtless because the fishermen, used to giving this title to their skipper, dubbed the fiery Officer "Cap'n." This idea grew on Cadman, and it was while stationed at this same Corps that, on the occasion of a visit paid by the Founder, he announced him on placards as "General Booth, of the Hallelujah Army."

This was ten months before the time the title "General Superintendent" was abbreviated to read "General." The effect of Cadman's announcement greatly pleased the Founder, who appreciated anything which would arouse the interest of the sin-led masses and bring people within range of the Gospel guns. "Send it to Railton," said he to Cadman as he read the bill. Thus the one-time dissolute sweep was the first to acclaim The Army's first Leader as General and the Organization as an Army, and the first Salvationist to be known as Captain.

Commissioner James Dowdle was engaged in remodelling a public-house which had been secured for use as a mission centre when he was first spoken to by the Leader. He afterwards served with such love and fidelity. It was not long after this talk that James Dowdle became an evangelist of the Christian Mission. If the Founder was exacting with the new recruit it was because he saw the hidden potentialities in him and was anxious to quickly bring some of them to fruition. No more loyal and affectionate Officer did the Founder ever have. Said The Army's first General of this child-hearted warrior when he had gone to Heaven, "He was loyalty itself. I cannot recall a single instance when he has been other than faithful to what he has believed to be my wishes in thought, word, or deed. He loved God, delighted in the Salvation of the lost, and was successful all through his career in bringing men and women to the Cross."

Instances such as these illustrating the Founder's keen perception of "diamonds in the rough" of undeveloped capacities, could be recorded ad lib. Here are several which have special interest for us in Canada East.

While stationed at Warrington, Captain Morehen was ordered to Liverpool with other Officers in connection with a campaign the Founder was conducting there. At the close of the effort, The Army's first General arranged to interview a number of Officers who had charge of Corps which carried heavy financial responsibility. The Officers were naturally a little nervous of having to meet the General face to face and undergo the



Sliding down the rail of the pulpit steps

searching cross-examination they foresaw he would subject them to. But Captain Morehen, who was one of the Officers' inter-

viewed, apparently so pleased the old General with his answers to the questions put to him that when he had left the room the Founder said to the late Commissioner Rees, then the Field Secretary who was present during the interview, "Put Morehen's name down when you want a new D.O." (Divisional Officer).

That the Founder made no mistake has been evidenced by the Colonel's successful command for many years of some of the most important Divisions in all parts of the British Territory as well as his able administrative work in various positions in our own Territory.

While paying his first visit to Guisboro Corps, in the north of England, the Founder noticed quite a number of enthusiastic young converts. "I want twenty of those young men to accompany me next week-end to Middlesboro," he said to the Corps Officer.

The young fire-brands went and "pitched in" with an enthusiasm which won the Founder's keen appreciation, so much so that he took them



The Founder eyed the young Salvationist up and down

also to Stockton and Darlington, and they became known as "The Death and Glory Boys."

At the close of the Sunday's meetings at the latter Corps he interviewed the zealous converts individually regarding Officership, and as a result quite a number of them entered the Training Home, two of them being Brigadier Frazer and Commandant Blackburn, who have fought so valiantly in the Canada East Territory. "I shall never forget that interview," says the Brigadier. "The Founder had a wonderful way of searching one's soul. He soon knew whether a man was made of the right stuff."

In 1883, at the close of a meeting conducted by the Founder in Oxford, England, a young stripling who had been converted at High Wycombe, a nearby Corps, was introduced to him. The Founder eyed the young Blood-and-Fire Salvationist up and down, quickly saw in him the makings of a zealous Army leader, and encouraged him to become an Officer.

As a result "Dick" Adby, as he was familiarly known to his associates, volunteered for service on the spot. The Founder, turning to his A.D.C., said, "Put him down 'A'." The Candidate wondered what "A" meant, but afterwards quickly discovered that it meant "Accepted," for within two weeks he was in the Training Home. Later on, the Colonel, as we in Canada East know him, after sang for The Army's first General and assisted in his campaigns. The Founder enlisted a fine recruit when he enlisted Richard Adby, for the ever-youthful veteran has been a soul-winner after the Founder's own heart.

GEMS FROM THE FOUNDERS' PENS



William Booth

NEVER in the world's history were fearlessness, resolute, whole-souled prophets called for and needed more than now!

There is a spirit that is worse than opposition to religion; it is a spirit of detachment, of separation, a spirit which says, "I don't want you, I can do with-

out you, and so long as you let me alone I shan't interfere with you."

A real good man has a delight in making others good.

You pray day by day. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," and it is a blessed desire. Why not strive with all your might to fulfill it?

There is much about God's ways with us as individuals which seems to be planned upon principle. He leads and guides and directs us for a time openly and plainly; we can easily trace His hand in all we receive and accomplish. Then all at once cross-currents and opposing influences

come in; and suddenly we cannot see Him; we cannot hear His voice; and though we search for Him we do not find Him. Then is the hour for faith to look up and say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Without temptation we cannot know the triumph of the soul. It is the oft-recurring night which makes the returning day so sweet and welcome. It is the hour of dangerous conflict which in due time gives the glory to the victor's honors.

Idleness is a sort of commercial traveler for the devil. It introduces evil thoughts and clears the way for samples of sin. . . . Hard work is the friend of the soul, the guardian angel of the conscience, medicine for the body, and panoply and protection against all sorts of temptation.

Let there be no disloyalty in your conversation. I sometimes think that every man has a Judas somewhere in his make-up and oftentimes of all that traitor is in his mouth.

As you would not like to spend your days in blowing bubbles or in beating the air, so, as far as possible, avoid those idle performances that bring little or no advantage to your fellow men.

Stand in awe when God works—especially when His work is seen in the deathless fabric of a soul. Take your shoes from off your feet in His presence. Believe and rejoice and worship Him when you hear the sinner cry for mercy or see the slave of evil set free, for that is God making Himself visible in your very midst.

People die and go to Hell because nobody will be at the trouble and expense to save them. Let the country-side turn out. Cut a way through. Know no impossibilities. If you cannot reach the perishing souls one way, try another. Try every way, and then try them all over again! Never be beaten. You must succeed. Make up your mind to it, and it shall be done.

Mrs. Catherine Booth

"A FALSE charity begins in self and ends on earth."

"I wish people would stop and think that the path they are now walking is the well-beaten track on which they are now walking with much slow dignity—was once quite as new and unconventional and outrageous to the estimators of their forefathers as the path which any new departure of the Holy Spirit may set before them to-day."

It is doubtless better to have right opinions than wrong ones; but the best opinions will not save a man.

Hot saluts set on fire the hearts of other saints. They sing the consciences of sinners, burn the fingers of Pharisees, melt the hearts of backsliders, and warm up those who have left their first love.

I esteem the work of house-to-house visitation next in importance to the preaching of the Gospel itself. Who can tell the amount of influence and power which might be brought to bear on the cause (Continued on page 17)



OUR PATHFINDER

Women's Thanksgiving for the Life of William Booth

THE last decades of the nineteenth and the first of the twentieth century will be marked in history as those in which women came to the front.

That woman should acquire greater influence in all the happenings of the world than she had exercised—often from an unseen background—since the days of Eden, was perhaps impossible. Yet the Church of Christ, founded on the elevation of a woman, has been slow to accede to any fresh place, or grant to her fuller opportunities.

The far-back achievements of Jewish women were not held to be examples, but only brilliant exceptions. Deborah, who judged her people, was to be read about in church, but had Barak—who so appreciated her abilities that he would not go against Sisera unless she went with him—any successors?

The Psalmist wrote of how "the Lord gave the Word" and "great was the company of women who published it," but the Church was content to have Christian women restricted to singing in a choir. Probably the earlier commencement of other things, when "Philip had four daughters which did prophesy," was swept away in the tor-

rents of persecution. Henceforth women were allowed to be in front as martyrs, for their right to suffer was never denied, but the blessed work of preaching God's Gospel was reserved for men.

Yet again and again we read of women who tried to pass these barriers, and who actually broke through them, only to find that there was no path in which their sisters could follow. The women of the Society of Friends were never anything but exceptions. There was a mystery about their "call" which seemed to lift them out of the ranks of ordinary life. They were saintly, heroic creatures in their own day, with force enough to make rare appearances at the front. But as the fervor of their movement died down, the ranks closed up, and women were as silent as ever.

And yet in those silent years the call to speak and to proclaim the Gospel did come to women again and again. They obeyed it, too, perhaps oftener than we know in times when there were no daily newspapers. Certainly the "revivals" so common in the history of Methodism were often distinguished by some woman standing up to speak about Salvation. Poor soul, she needed the strong tide of a revival to give her courage to be so singular! And long after it happened her friends felt a little ashamed of her.

I remember stories of an old Methodist grand mother, wore a high mob-cap. "She could make a shirt or knit a stocking in a day; the poor sick people sent for her at all hours," my aunt would say. Then Aunt Ann would lower her voice and add in a confidential whisper: "And you know, my dear, she was not only a class leader; she would get up and talk or pray in chapel when she thought the men were slow!"

Granny left eight sons, every one of whom became a preacher of the Gospel of no mean ability.

But evidently her dear lips had been rarely opened in public, and then it was not felt to be much to her credit that she "spoke in chapel." Nevertheless, Dinah Morris had her beautiful originals in those days.

Sixty years ago women were more awake than ever before. Here and there a woman preacher took a hall, and drew crowds. But she had to be rich enough to pay for her hall, and to have some social weight, or else she might not get it, even for money.

One woman persuaded a rich friend to start a (Continued on page 17)

Rev. W. Booth allows his wife to speak from the pulpit, thus indicating his attitude to women, so greatly to influence the work of The Salvation Army in later years.



CATHERINE BOOTH

THE ARMY MOTHER



Glory of God in later years.

How wonderfully this rare woman mothered the man with whom later she toiled in raising The Army is also revealed in the correspondence to which we have referred. Says Mr. Begbie, "It will probably come as a revelation to those accus-

*An All-too-brief Sketch of a
Life, the Influence of which
is Reverentially Acknowledged
in all Parts of the
World—True till Death!*

...tomed to think of William Booth as the white-haired, gentle, and patriarchal head of The Salvation Army, that he had to fight for his faith, that he was often cast down into an abyss of despondency, that his heart cried out from the depths of an exceeding bitterness for the sympathies and consolations and domestic kindness of humanity. . . . That which must chiefly interest the student of this man's extraordinary career is the immense influence exerted on his spiritual development by the woman he loved; so great and high indeed is this influence that one may even doubt if his name had ever risen above the level of ordinary preachers but for the constant pressure and the heaven-lifted consecration of Catherine Mumford's beautiful spirit."

Huge Rock-Like Strength

Yet again may we draw upon the same writer for further tribute to this great woman's work upon the foundations of the character which later gave color and life to the world-movement marching under the Blood-and-Fire Flag. "Catherine Mumford's influence was the supreme power that moulded his life; out it is evident . . . that there was a huge strength, rock-like and original, in the soul of William Booth which would never have fitted into any niche of convenience nor have been shaped into any semblance of smug complacency."

The wedding of this remarkable couple, which took place on June 16th, 1855, was unattended by any congregation. One week was devoted to the honeymoon and then they set off upon a religious campaign in Guernsey. Within two months, however, those joint campaigns had so exhausted the limited physical strength of the young bride that they were obliged to undergo the pain of separation, he going to York while she remained in London. Catherine Booth felt this parting keenly; she had thoughts of starting off, in spite of her illness, to join him again. In later campaigns Mrs. Booth accompanied him again, herself in delicate health, and himself an invalid and almost prostrated after each fresh exertion in the pulpit; impecunious always and living in provincial lodgings. What a price to pay for faithfulness!

Some idea of the difficult family life which ensued upon the birth of their first child, William Bramwell Booth, in Halifax, on March 8th, 1856, may well be imagined when we add—They were poor; they had no home. Their excitement of the present was anything but compatible with domestic happiness, and their future was always uncertain. Passing from place to place, plunging into

fresh adventures from day to day, it is an amazing fact that Catherine Booth was able to train her family, to watch over them, and lead them spiritually, morally, and intellectually, in such a manner as to win the admiration not alone of her offspring but of the whole world to the noblest service of which she gave them.

From being critical of the more vigorous manner of presenting religious teaching, Catherine Mumford had come round to the views held by William Booth, and of those she became one of the most powerfully persuasive exponents. "I would rather have a sudden conversion than a tardy one," she once explained, adding, "When men are seen to be wrong, it must be very desirable to get them right . . . The sooner you can persuade them to abandon their evil course the better."

Visitation Among Degraded

Judge the practical demonstration of this change of mind by the manner in which Mrs. Booth took up visitation amongst the most degraded classes. It began in Gateshead, where the first daughter, her third child, was born. Open-air work had been a feature of the campaign conducted in this town and gangs of tipsy men had figured among the rowdy opposition. Mrs. Booth began to speak to the drunken people in the streets and in their awful homes and she succeeded so happily that she could enter some of the worst places alone. "They used to let me talk to them," she said, "in novels where there was not a stick of furniture." In one case Mrs. Booth visited a woman who had just given birth to twins. "I washed those babies in a broken pie-dish, the nearest approach to a tub that I could find. The gratitude of those large eyes that gazed upon me from that wan and shrunken face on the bed can never fade from my memory."

One sees in these accounts how really, and in how many ways, Mrs. Booth was "The Army Mother." Her first public address, in 1860, crowning her long championship of Female Ministry, was also entirely in line with this same idea. The next year, 1861, found Mrs. Booth nobly assisting the Founder to come to the great decision which finally separated him from the control of the church in connection with which he had been laboring.

Out into the wilderness, then, with four children, passed this noble couple, and who can say what it cost Mrs. Booth with the care of her little family and the desire to support her husband in so many ways, bearing upon her. Nevertheless, history records Cornish revivals and Welsh campaigns. It was in Cardiff that a break was made with chapels, and resort was had to secular buildings. Think of Mrs. Booth in a circus, dealing with her seven-year-old son, Bramwell, pleading with him to give himself to Christ. But it was not until they visited Walsall that she discovered him kneeling at the communion rail among a crowd of little penitents.

A Momentous Decision

Even in the matter of finding a way out of the Wilderness it was Mrs. Booth who seems to have made the great discovery. They were living in Leeds and thinking of proceeding to Sheffield when Mrs. Booth was invited to Rotherhithe, London, to conduct a short mission, and here she found the sphere for which she had been praying since the break with the Conference at Liverpool. A house was taken at Hammersmith and the family settled here. It was to this house that William Booth returned one day to announce to his wife, "Kate, I have found my destiny." He had found his field of operations in the streets of the East End of the Great City, and penniless and unsupported, went to it with his message of Salvation. This was in 1865.

As strength permitted, The Army Mother conducted meetings in various parts of the country, and, meanwhile, the Founder was occupied mainly in the shadows of the East End, working like

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GOOD FRIDAY, April 10th, 1852, stands out in the life of the Founder of The Salvation Army as a day of remarkable interest. It was the twenty-third anniversary of his birthday. Moreover, it was on that same day that he obtained his freedom from the ties of a business career. As he afterwards wrote of it—"I shook hands with my cold-hearted master and said good-bye." He was now committed to the task of answering God's call to the ministry. More momentous still it was on that same day, as his own words express it, that he "fell head over ears in love with the precious woman who afterwards became his wife."

Catherine Mumford, who became "the Mother of The Salvation Army," was delicate as a child. For some years she suffered from a spinal complaint, making, as Harold Begbie puts it in "The Life of William Booth," "pains in the back, in the most fervent period of youth with mattress and sofa." During this time, however, she pursued her studies not alone in history and geography, but she also read an immense amount of contemporary theology and acquired a passion for spiritual religion which deepened to a saint-like devotion in her wonderful after-life.

A Brilliant Young Woman

By the time that William Booth crossed her path she was an able, masterful, and brilliant young woman, who delighted in table controversy, who was somewhat proud of her logical strictness, and who must have been a terror to loose thinkers and careless talkers. Such a condition could not have satisfied such a soul as was hers, we may be sure, and the token of Divine handiwork in shaping her life is plainly to be observed in the conjunction effected by the meeting referred to above.

"It is tolerably certain that she was improved, and very deeply improved," says Mr. Begbie, "by her intimacy with William Booth. There was something in her mind, at this period, too like the self-assertiveness of an intellect rejoicing in its own brilliant dexterity to promise sweetness and light. She was able, brilliant, daring, and righteous to a fault; but one doubts if her heart at that time had asserted its equal partnership with her brain . . ."

"A few months older than William Booth and his superior in intellectual force, Catherine Mumford was his junior in spiritual experience, and, at that time, his inferior in personality. He lacked the culture which she brought to him with a fervent admiration for his rugged, rock-hewn strength. She lacked that boundless depth of self-sacrificing love, that wide and overflowing ocean of yearning, pitying human affection which was the gift he brought to her, and the human influence which made her, in after-years, "the Mother of The Army." One would say that while Catherine Mumford's tendency might have been towards a central anxiety concerning the condition of her own soul, William Booth's obvious path of development was towards a central anxiety for the souls of all mankind. Catherine Mumford, as a woman and an invalid, in spite of a genuine desire to spread her knowledge of conversion, would almost certainly have remained an interesting and powerful figure in a group of earnest sectarians and Christians, but for the enfranchisement and the impulse brought into her sheltered life by this rugged son of sorrow and distress . . . There was a resurrection of the woman, and a beauty added to the man."

A Resultful Association

More and more, as one reads between the lines of the letters which she wrote him before their marriage, one realizes that the careful watching and profound anxiety of Catherine Mumford regarding William Booth's popularity and destiny as a preacher reacted upon him for good. At the same time her association, even by this medium, with the man who became the Founder of The Salvation Army, was productive of much which came into full employment to the

OUR PATHFINDER

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very large vineyard. When the grapes were a success and paying well, she coaxed him to put seats into it, and her hold mission services under the huge, grape-covered glass roof. It was a picturesque setting for services led with exceptional ability. But every one looked upon such work as an experiment.

And then came the Hallelujah lass! She came in couples. She was calm and self-possessed and yet fiery. She could do without a Hall, or make one out of a shed. She asked no permission, but said that she was "sent." Her favorite reply when asked, "How long will you stay?" was "Until the Judgment Day!"

It was truer than she knew. For she was walking in a path of freedom for women to preach the Gospel which will never close until the Judgment Day. And the difference in her and her work as compared with all that had gone before was that the path-finder had arisen!

We claim for our beloved Founder that he discovered the long-closed road by which women might carry out their Lord's command. For this, even above all else, we honor his memory.

To him is our gratitude that when the Army Mother showed him her power to preach, he was just as he did. In those early days, when she began to be even a greater attraction than he, he might have been small and jealous. She would easily have been discouraged. He need not have shared every pulpit and every opportunity with her till she became one of the great preachers of the world.

Or he might have claimed special gifts for her. He would not have been blamed had he done so. Who would have asked him, at the first, to give every humble little sister in the Society an equal chance with his gifted wife? But he did.

He might have allowed women to speak on certain conditions, and yet not have given them equal rank with men and placed them in command. But he saw that the path must be made wide and straight and unmistakable, or it would close again. He made very "straight paths for our feet." He heeded none of the sneers against the simple girls he was lifting up.

William Booth saw the mighty forward wave of the Gospel which could come through the preaching gifts of women. He knew that he could get them to suffer and toil where men would hold back. He believed that God Himself intended the lips of women to proclaim the tender message of the Gospel.

He did not like to see all the suffering which a front position brought to women. At the time when no women in uniform could walk through the streets without being assailed by obscene and blasphemous suggestions, he cried:

"Can we ask them to bear this?" And for a moment, in the chivalry of his manly nature, it seemed as if he must draw them back into shelter. But the moment passed. And the next day he ordered women to take command in a town where things were at the worst.

He believed in our fitness, and by giving us the opportunity, he proved it to the world. His legacy to us is our absolute freedom to preach, and to organize and to carry on the work of Christ's Kingdom on an equality with men in our Army of Salvation. He found us a path. Let us see to it that the road so opened is wisely trodden and never again allowed to be closed.

M.D.L.R., in "The Deliverer."

DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE

(Continued from page 6)

classes. She spoke quietly. She hated publicity. She loved retirement, order, and domesticity. The necessities of the growing Army turned her home into headquarters, besieged by strangers, entreaties and business.

She wrote many books, all much in advance of the period in which they were published. They sell in several translations and in most countries of the world to-day. While she wrote them, she was preaching, teaching, helping to organize The Army, bearing and bringing up a large family, cooking, mending, performing every task of a mother and wife handicapped by a small, precarious income. She had to take into her home what are now called "paying guests."

A woman of genius; a woman who invented a world-type in that magnificent addition to civilization and international welfare, "The Salvation Army woman."

In the long agony of her death-bed at Clacton-on-Sea, her husband was engaged with her in writing the book he called "In Darkest England and the Way Out"; planning the scheme to wipe from our history the blot of England's pagan poverty. Book and scheme were the first efforts made for centuries to grapple en masse with England's injustice to her own, her shame and her need.

Dying, this woman beheld The Army sweeping round the world; visioned the dark faces of converted idolaters; saw the little hands of the forlorn children of all nations grasping The Army's Banner and safely guarded behind The Army's shield; heard the voices of the Magdalenes of the earth raised in adoration of the Redeemer manifested to them in The Army's rescue; watched the feeding of millions, the housing of millions, the saving of millions.

Dead, the multitudes that wept for her and rejoiced for her brought her career to the ears of multitudes to whom she had been till then but a name.

Called to live a life of intense self-denial and extreme industry, she obeyed the inward Voice, and became a spiritual Mother of Nations.

All her dreams have come true.

RESULTS OF A PRAYER IN A HACK

"How is the good old Army getting on?" was the sally which greeted Commandant Trickey as he was returning from a busy morning at the Montreal Police Court. "We're still trying to help the fellow without a friend," replied the Commandant. With this the gentleman asked permission to walk with the Commandant, meanwhile unfolding a story which throbbled with human interest.

"Some years ago when your Founder was visiting this country he stayed at my house: I was

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only a little chap then. Driving in a hack to one of the General's meetings, he said to my mother, "Suppose we just kneel here in the hack and have a little prayer!"

"My mother was a Christian woman, and the effect of that inspired prayer under such peculiar circumstances remained with her all through her life. When on her dying bed she called my brothers and me to the bed-side and made a request that when the opportunity occurred we might do good to some member of The Salvation Army in return for the blessing received from that memorable prayer.

"During the War I was attached to the Commissariat Department in France. A young Salvation Army Officer asked my permission to use an empty shack nearby to provide refreshments and hold courses for the benefit of the soldiers. My mind reverted to my mother's last request. This was my opportunity. That shack is not good enough," I told the astonished Salvationist. "You may use that larger and better building at the corner." My offer was gratefully accepted, and The Army had unrestricted use of the place as long as I remained there.

"My name is Colonel Hugh Wakem; any time you need my help look me up at my office."

Thus, the influence of that prayer in a hack has brought in its train a host of blessings. Think of the hundreds of lads who found a haven in that war-ridden sector. Think of the number who found Christ in those services. That influence is still being exercised. It was not long since that Colonel Wakem presided at a Festival given in the Montreal Citadel and he has promised his services again.

A TREASURED PICTURE

About thirty-seven years ago the Founder conducted a campaign in Canada and at Woodstock, Ont., a large picture of him was used for advertising purposes. When the Campaign was over the picture was discarded and forgotten. Two years ago a local butcher was selling his premises and stowed away in a back shed was found this old picture, creased and dirty almost beyond recognition. The wife of one of the Soldiers rescued it from the garbage can, took it home and cleaned it with the utmost care. Today the picture that lay for thirty-five years in the shed of a butcher shop is beautifully framed and is a real ornament at the back of the platform in the Citadel.

CATHERINE BOOTH

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a trojan. But while nine out of ten people kneel for her work, it is quite possible that they have never so much as heard of his efforts in White chapel. To Mrs. Booth fell the public championship of Entire Sanctification, and in this she had a young but powerfully-effective ally in the person of her son Bramwell.

Local opposition having developed into downright brutal violence in some parts of the country, Mrs. Booth wrote to the famous John Bright, at the House of Commons, in 1882, and received from him a letter in which the statesman wisely remarked, "The people who mob you would, doubtless, have mobbed the Apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail." At this time also, Mrs. Booth won the interested support of many leading people in the country. In this year she had the great joy of seeing her eldest son married to Captain Florence Soper, who had joined The Army as a consequence of coming under the influence of Catherine Booth in London meetings.

Long spells of energy notwithstanding, and in spite of the fact that she was often free from distress, Mrs. Booth's health grew slowly worse after 1884, and a pathetic, obstinate, and courageous struggle ensued. And all the while that The Army was reaching out into other lands and demonstrating to the sceptical how the good hand of God was leading it to success, the Founder and first General was keeping vigil, long and full of anguish of heart, beside that amazing death-bed. Actually Catherine Booth was two years dying, suffering excruciating pain much of the time. Yet that sick-bed proved to be a world-wide platform from which she preached her most eloquent and heart-compelling sermon.

True to her God-given commission to the last, we see how Mrs. Booth endeavored while on her death-bed to win the soul of her doctor. She discovered that he had several patients in great poverty and asked him to distribute some money amongst them for her. To this request he readily agreed, and when she tackled on the addition that she would like him to take a copy of "The War Cry" to each, he acquiesced as freely. It was curious to see this young Scots agnostic medicine go off with a bundle of "War Crys" for personal distribution.

Following a night of thunder, lightning, and torrential rain, the spirit of Catherine Booth left its earthly tenement on the morning of October 4th, 1890. The whole world stood beside the body of this noble woman to pay the tribute which a life of selfless service had so really won. The Army, bearing the marks of her motherhood grows ever stronger, marching to-day, as when she helped to fashion it, with steadfast purpose to achieve the glory of God in the Salvation of the people of every land.

GEMS FROM THE FOUNDERS' PENS

(Continued from page 14)

less, goddess inhabitants of our large towns and cities—our whole nation—if all real Christians would only do a little of this kind of work.

It is no use trying to persuade yourselves that you are right with God, if your conscience tells you that you are not.

Christ had faith in the possibility of people which would not be very apparent to any other eye. Christ hoped all things, believed all things, until Peter, who was afraid of a servarant girl, stood triumphant before the three thousand converts.

Get more spirituality, more real life, and you will find your religion astonishingly more interesting, both to yourself and to your children.

I have no doubt that the great secret of the success of The Salvation Army, with multitude of the openly-wicked and profane, is that we go straight to their consciences, attacking their sin, making no excuse or palliation, but telling them as straight as Jesus Christ Himself told the sinners of His day, that, except they repent, forsake their sins, and turn to God, everlasting fire must be their portion.

The people want a living Gospel, preached living, Spirit-baptized souls.

To me it is a prodigious thought that He shed His Blood for every soul of man, and that, as He hung there, He saw, under all the villainy of sin and ruin of the fall—the human soul created originally in His own image and capable of infinite and eternal development and progress.

The good done to mankind by the poor fisherman who spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, has surpassed the achievements of modern philanthropy as far as the noon-day sun surpasses the rushlight.

THE FOUNDER'S VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND



The old rugged features of the Garden were almost gone. But he tried not to see the gravelled paths—the Carmelite grotto—the high walls, but only the mound where the disciples fell asleep, and let their Master pour out His soul unto death—alone!

The Founder saw it all, and fell on his knees by an ancient olive, and poured out his soul in prayer—prayer which seemed burdened with the thought that there is no royal road to the crown; that sin meant death, meant Hell, meant Calvary. The monk, who acted as guide, could not resist the influence. When the Founder arose from his knees and examined the rosary, he interjected the remark, "General, this is a form; it is nothing. It is what we have in our heart that is everything." "Amen," replied the Founder.

On Mount Calvary

The next scene of the pilgrimage was Calvary. The Founder uncovered his head, and his staff, with a party of sweet, little native children, drew near to him. Not a word was spoken for a few minutes. Though two thousand years had passed, the tragedy enacted on Calvary was too vivid in their memories to treat the ground on which they stood as ordinary. They saw the tragedy enacted afresh. They saw the gambling, mocking crucifiers, the patient, forgiving Christ, the darkening Heavens.

At length the Founder spoke, beckoning all and sundry to come a little nearer. Taking from his pocket a letter, which he had finished that day, calling upon the Universal Church to imitate the Master in His consuming love for the sinner, the Founder added to it his autograph, saying as he did so, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." At that moment someone from behind unfurled the Blood and Fire Flag of the Army. A breeze had arisen some moments before, and for the first time in Jerusalem, in the Holy City, the Flag that is so strikingly emblematic of the great truths of Christianity, fluttered and danced in the air. The Founder ordered all, in slow measured tones, to repeat with him,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life my all."

After this he prayed, and then the party slowly wended its way to where Joseph of Arimathea took the body of our Lord, wrapped it in linen, and laid it in his new tomb, hewn out of the rock.

A Prayer at the Tomb

After examining the features of the tomb, the Founder, according to his practice, bowed in reverence and worshipped God. A party of Americans and Assyrians crept through the door-way and joined, perhaps the most solemn service ever held within those walls. "But He rose," cried the Founder, "to die no more. What condescension, O God, on Thy part! Heaven in its glory for the gloom of this tomb. And for my Salvation, our Salvation, the world's Salvation. Come upon us Lord, that we may go about the world, raising the dead in trespass and sin to life and Salvation. And may we do it in the power of the Holy Ghost, and die in triumph, and meet in the morning our Lord and Saviour!" How well that prayer was answered!

The next day the Founder's party pilgrimaged to Bethlehem, which is about six miles from Jerusalem, on the southern road. This road is one of the most interesting around Jerusalem. As the Founder remarked "every step one takes touches something of interest."

But, as a diligent student of practical problems, the Founder was not on this occasion con-

tent to dwell in the past. The people at times almost absorbed his thoughts. The man behind the old plough—what did he receive in wages? How many hours did he work? What were his social conditions? His moral and religious life? Was he happy?

Past the Plain of Ephraim, Rachel's tomb, and the field of Boaz! A mountain, covered with healthy-looking olive trees was sighted. "One of the finest in the country," the dragoman remarked. "And how is it brought about?" queried the Founder.

"By cultivation I suppose." "Quite so, and if you want to get a good harvest 'or your life it will only be by the application of the same principle—trouble!"

The Grotto of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, the reputed birthplace of the Christ-child was reverently entered.

A Turkish soldier stood in the shade, rifle in hand, ready to assert his power in case—on this sacred spot—differing Christians should break into contention. The ghostliness of the vigil made the party shudder. With a Greek priest carefully studying their movements the General gathered his Staff around the place of the manger and knelt on the slate floor—a weird picturesque sight.

Priest Profoundly Impressed

"Who are they?" asked the priest. "Are they Christians, for they do not often pray here?" He had not so much as heard of the Salvation Army, but was profoundly impressed with the Founder's prayer. The General groaned in spirit and wrestled with God until every member of the party felt the Holy Spirit rest upon them.

"We have come from afar, guided by Thy Spirit, O Lord," he prayed. "Thy light shone into our hearts years ago and we have followed Thee and in Thy providence Thou hast brought us to this sacred spot. We give ourselves afresh to Thee, that we may give some practical exhibition of our love for Thee. Thou didst come down from glory to this manger. Oh! for a deluge of the spirit that prompted Thee!"

And then, before leaving the little town, the Founder entered a home. It was a poor home, and reached by a set of zigzag steps. The Founder consented to be photographed with the family, and prayed with them before leaving.

The visit to Bethany was of peculiar interest to the Founder. He looked forward to it keenly. The home of Lazarus and Mary and Martha was roofless and largely reduced to ruins. But the supreme object of interest was the tomb of Lazarus. The Founder and his party stood in the cave and looked at the small chambers on either side. Looking up and measuring the enormous depth of the tomb, the Founder remarked, "I can understand how the Master cried in a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come forth!'"

This was, not inappropriately, the last of the Holy places visited by the Founder, for is not Christ our hope to-day? All around is death. But Christ is not dead! He is the resurrection and the life, and He who cried with a loud voice to the body that already stank with corruption, possesses still the power to say to nations and individuals "Come forth." A few hours after quitting Bethany, he was on his way to the great Australian Campaign.

Though the Founder has passed on, his inspiration and spirit survive. And the call to the Universal Church of Christ, which he issued from Mount Calvary, has never been repealed. It is still in force, and every Salvationist, during the Centenary Call Campaign, can do his or her part in seeking and saving the lost!



A carpenter

A Scene of Interest

On this day they were introduced to a bleak and picturesque piece of mountain scenery, not once losing sight of Jerusalem. Wild as the scenery was, however, a crimson lily, said to be the one on which Christ moralized—"Not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these"—grew abundantly among the boulders and the stones. A few hundred yards further on, the country could be seen stretching to the east and south and replete with interest. The Founder displayed a remarkable knowledge of the geography, and before waiting for the dragoman to locate this or that spot, he would remark, "Yonder I suppose was the Wilderness. And Nebo must be near at hand. Moses we read, went up from the plains of Moab into the mountain of Nebo." A silence set in upon the party as they contemplated the scene, which was broken by the Founder saying, in detached sentences, "Moses!—wonderful character—a favorite of mine—the greatest man, perhaps, the world has ever seen."

On Mount Olivet the Founder was affected by a group of pilgrim-worshippers. They belonged to the Russian peasant class, and had endured many privations whilst journeying Palestine-ward. He was touched by their appearance, and asked many questions concerning their wanderings and to fro. In fact, he lingered near them, as though he would like to know the meaning of their anguish, and how far they realized an answer to their groans.

From Olivet the grand old man viewed Jerusalem. The past crept into the present. Voices sounded in the rustle of olive leaves. The Founder was markedly silent—so silent indeed that even the dragoman dared not venture to intrude a any comments.

Olivet readily aroused sacred visions, but with Gethsemane it was different. The Founder confessed that he was disappointed with Gethsemane.



A shepherd

IN THE RUINS OF
MARY AND MARTHA'S
HOUSE AT BETHANY

IN A
HOME
IN
BETH
LEHEM

THE FOUNDER ON
MOUNT CALVARY

PRAYING WITH MONK IN ORTHUSAPAM

GIVING ALMS
TO A LEPER.



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE FOUNDER PASSING THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON, ENGLAND